

# HUMOR THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE FICTION

## SIDELIGHTS ALONG WASHINGTON BYWAYS

While the departure from public life of Senator Eugene Hale will be regretted by many of his associates there are a few persons and many senate employees who will console themselves with the thought that after March 3, 1911, they can enjoy a cigar or cigarette without fear of the senator from Maine coming along.

Senator Hale detests tobacco smoke of all kinds. When he was a young member of the senate he had to submit to having his "beard" attended by pipes, cigarettes and cigars in the corridors, committee rooms and galleries. When he became one of the leaders, however, he changed matters. There are "No Smoking" signs on both house and senate sides of the capitol, but he pretends to observe such a rule on the house side, especially since Speaker Cannon's one regret in according to his chair in the house each day is that he has to abandon his cigar. Over on the



senate side the rule is supposed to be rigidly enforced. If it is not and Senator Hale gets a whiff of tobacco smoke outside of the clock room trouble is certain to follow.

Many a good cigar have I dropped down the sewer, and I am sure the senate elevator men, when I saw Senator Hale in the office, I like a cigar pretty well, but I like my job better, and when he is around a man must take his choice between the two.

When Senator Hale is presiding over a committee meeting he does not permit his fellow members to smoke, even in executive session. Members smoke in the executive sessions of the senate and Senator Hale, powerful as he is, has never been able to enforce this non-smoking rule on his colleagues.

Senator Hale permits himself to enjoy another peculiarity, much to the discomfort of those close to him. He abhors a telephone. He will not in any circumstances be induced to talk over the wire, and furthermore he never allowed an instrument to be installed in his private office. Hence whenever his private secretary finds it necessary to make inquiries he either has to

chase around the capitol or go to a telephone in some other office.

Among the members of the house of representatives there are a few who are classed as aristocrats. Representative Andrew J. Peters of Massachusetts. Mr. Peters represents at least a portion of the aristocratic section of Back Bay in Boston, and when in Washington finds himself perfectly at home at the Metropolitan club or at the various social events. Ordinarily this would indicate that he leaves most of his leisure hours to society.

As a matter of fact there is no greater devotee of rough-and-tumble outdoor life than Mr. Peters. When there is considerable less political unrest "then is now abroad in the country, and when he finds it possible to get away from his district when congress is not in session, Mr. Peters loses no time in getting into the woods of

## BORN GAMBLERS

By George Slater Beck.

WE the preacher, the Old Doctor, the Editor, the Circus Man, the Race Track Official and myself were lounging in the grounds of the Del Monte hotel comparing our impressions of the gambling habits of Monterey, which we had visited that evening, and the preacher had just concluded his "sermon," which was of course highly and justly commendatory of all gamblers and gambling methods, when the Old Doctor asked:

"Has any one of you gentlemen ever known or heard of Dave Mortimer, the three-card monte and thimble-rig gambler who traveled with the smaller circuses of this country for years?"

"How did you know him like a book," replied the Circus Man. "He followed our show for several seasons and what he didn't know about piccolotto science as applied to catching human suckers wasn't worth knowing."

"Dave Mortimer," queried the Race Track Official. "I'm a mortal. Why that fellow used to butt in at our fair and light harness race meets, which of course we had fixed for our own benefit, and we wondered why it was that he always won his bets on a whipped-up winner with an investigation proved that the driver of our 'sure thing' that turned up or money was on Dave's payroll. Then we tied the tin can to him good and hard, and one day when he was trying to filter out to the track through the fence a swipe gave him the cold steel in his feed box that killed him."

"Well," said the Old Doctor, "I was present at that fatal birth and I can tell you that history is as clear a proof of the transmission of mental qualities from parent to offspring as I have ever met in a medical practice of almost half a century, and it is only one of many cases coming under my observation that compel me to regard as well as common sense men as we do as the rabble this evening. Yes, I know Dave Mortimer all through his life, and if you care to know why I believe thirty-nine out of every hundred gamblers must be force of birth be just what they are I will give you a brief history of his family up to four weeks ago."

"We'll cut our claws and listened to the Old Doctor's story:

Dave Mortimer's father, the son of an English crook of wide reputation, was a noted gambler who traveled our own western country during the times when it was necessary to know all about the game in order to break even. He had been taught to believe, and was firm in the belief, that the world owed him a good living. He was slightly fearless, loved the game, revelled in the excitement attending it, and up to the time when he was shot to death in Texas, in 1864, by a greaser who caught him in the act of cheating at cards, he would rather win 10 cents on a sure bet any time than sit down to a meal."

His wife, Dave's mother, was the daughter of Jimmie Clark, in his day recognized as one of the most successful crooks who ever piled his vocation on the passenger boats of the Ohio and Mississippi in the early days, and any one who doubt about her ability at cards would soon have that doubt dispelled if he sat in a game with her. She was a very able assistant to her husband and her gameness can perhaps be best illustrated by the fact that when he attended her at the time of Dave's birth, she was firm in the belief that the baby would be a boy.

Both Dave's parents were proud of the profession they had been born into. All their time and talent was devoted to the game and their only prayer was that their child might be able to make his money in the same manner and as easily as they made theirs."

Their prayer was answered, for just as a descendant of Montezuma Chief takes to gambling, so Dave Mortimer took to gambling, and his parents were proud of him. By the time he was five years old he had, under their tuition, mastered all the tricks of the trade, the thimble, the loop, the strap and the card. At the age of six he was sent to himself, fairly launched in the game

## WHAT'S THE USE



COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY THE NEW YORK EVENING TELEGRAM (NEW YORK HERALD CO.). All Rights Reserved.

## The Tired Business Man

Tells Friend Wife Some Senators Leave and Others Are Left.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

"I see that a lot of the older senators are leaving," observed Friend Wife. "Some are leaving and some are left," said the Tired Business Man. "While the trees leave in the fall, these sturdy oaks of the upper chamber choose the gentle springtime for their specialty. The older Statesmen are giving merited rebuke to the old saying that few die and none resign. They not only are resigning, but are resigning. The senate chamber is getting too riotous for peaceful slumber."

"Those political seers who see some significance in every act of a prominent front in the halls of legislation will tell you that the persons with the retiring disposition have seen the footprints on the wall or handwriting on the sands of time. Maybe so. Maybe they are worried by splinters from the party plans over which they still so carefree. It isn't a matter of health, either, for they are hale and hearty, or, rather, hale and athletic. But I think it is the lack of old time sleeping facilities in the upper chamber."

"If you want to, you can believe that it was weariness at the constant outcry. Possibly, I can conceive that it would be very trying to eat breakfast each morning while reading from the newspaper propped up against the breakfast table box that somebody else had slammed. It must be depressing to be pictured as dropping in at the headquarters of the interstate daily for orders before going to work at law making or blocking. It can't be exactly chinking to be

that he had been in the room but a few minutes when little Johnny entered, and placing two five dollar bills on the table said, 'Say, mister! I won a fiver from sister on de 'pron' that dad couldn't live over night with de old broad named, and I'll just bet you ten plunks for you can't make him breathe no more.'"

I was appointed guardian for the children and soon found that I must get the boy away from his mother, because she, true to her breeding, and stubbornly refusing to believe that there is any want in gambling, was teaching him the tricks used by his father and encouraging him in the belief that he would be rich some day if he learned to manipulate them perfectly. I sent him to a good boys' school up the Hudson, but it was only a short time until he was the owner of nearly all the watches, knives, jewelry and hoopstakes that the other boys had brought to the school with him, and the principal wrote me that if I did not come and take him away he would have him placed in a reformatory. I have often wished that I had allowed him to be placed in a reformatory, but his mother pleaded so hard for him that I sent him to another school, telling the principal fully and frankly what and what he was and giving him a free lance to use any methods he might prefer in the task of breaking up Johnny's gambling propensities.

The boy behaved as well as could be expected from any one of his age the first day and night at this school, but on the evening of the second day, when all the boys were in the chapel for evening prayers, he suddenly rose from his seat, flashed a flash light and with great gravity offered to bet that the principal had two \$200 gold pieces in his pocket. The principal, knowing that he did not have the cash, and believing that it would almost break the heart of the young gambler and at the same time teach him a good lesson to win the money from him, took the bet. Then, turning his pockets wrong side out to show that he did not have the cash, he proceeded to deliver a short lecture on the evils of gambling, held Johnny up to ridicule as a would-be gambler from the slums of the city who did not know how to use the money that his guardian

had so kindly provided for his pleasure, told the boys that a fool and his money are always soon and easily parted, and concluded by ordering my ward to go to his room at once and remain there until called for. In answer to all this, Johnny calmly demanded that the boy sitting next to him should give him \$500 before he would leave the chapel and if he then and there developed that he had bet \$500 with one of the boys that he would make the principal empty his pockets in the presence of the whole school. On the day after this evidence of Johnny's utter depravity I received a letter from an angry principal informing me that it had required only two days for my ward to demoralize a whole school and bring great humiliation on the principal himself; that said ward of mine was at that writing locked in the cellar, and that under no consideration would he be held under there for the rate to feed on any longer than until noon of the next day. I have had an awful time of it with that boy in the last six years. He has no use, as he terms it, for any other man's game, but, like his ancestors, is always on the lookout for "suckers" who take the bait of his own sure things, and I have never known him to lay money on anything else than his own certainty, but once.

Upon his return from the mountains of Pennsylvania, where I had sent him to recuperate after an attack of "yellow" last summer, he told me that a gypsy fortune teller, whom he met there had read the palms of his hands and told him that a large fortune awaited him in the bowels of the earth; also that his father had visited him in a dream and told him that he thought it was worth while to gamble a little on what the fortune teller had told him. Then he showed me \$500, which he said he had won working three card monte and thimble-rigging up the country and had the nerve to ask me for the loan of \$500 to add to it for use in buying more shares at 10 cents per share. Of course, I refused, but a day or two afterward I learned that his mother had pawned her last diamond ring for \$500,

## Things You Want to Know The Odorous Onion

The despised, but delicious onion may not be an aristocrat among vegetables, but is entitled to rank among the great wealth producers of the agricultural world. The onion crop is among the most profitable of all the products of American farms, experience having demonstrated that onions under proper conditions will yield a net profit of \$50 per acre. Thus a farm which would produce a net profit of \$50 an acre in wheat would yield fifteen times as much if planted in onions. A hundred-acre field of the very best land under the very best conditions would yield a profit of \$7,500 from onions. In onions it would yield \$750,000. But unfortunately for the onion market, the land particularly adapted to onion culture is limited in extent.

The census now being taken for the United States probably will show a yield of 10,000,000 bushels of onions. In the census of 1909 New York produced more than any other state in the union. So concentrated was the onion growing industry that one-half of the entire onion yield was produced by twenty-five out of the more than 3,000 counties in the United States. Texas is now becoming one of the most prominent producers of onion among the states. In fact, the onion has proved to be something of an empire builder there. In the Brownsville region, where only a decade ago the rural districts were almost unpeopled, today there is a population of fully 100,000 and they are making the land flow with the milk and honey of wealth derived mainly from the growing of the mild flavored Bermuda onion.

C. Nye of Laredo is known as the onion king of the Rio Grande. His farm yields at least 20,000 pounds of onions to the acre. The entire yield of that small district, comprising 1,200 acres is said to approximate 24,000,000 pounds. The crop is sold at such prices as to yield a net profit of \$500 or more to the acre. Mr. Nye for four years has set aside five acres for the growing of Bermuda onions, and has kept a careful record of all his financial transactions growing out of his onions on these five acres. This account shows that with good, bad and indifferent seasons his land has netted him a profit of \$1,500 in four years.

The Island of Bermuda is now the world's most concentrated onion-growing region. Its property and its financial depressions are determined by the status of its onion crop. Bermuda's other crop is the Easter lily, out of which it makes a profit of hundreds of thousands of dollars every year. Strange as it may seem, these two industries are very closely allied. The Easter lily being a cousin-german to the onion. They both belong to the allium family, of which there are some 250 different branches.

It is said that the onion is probably the first vegetable ever cultivated by man. As far back as civilization goes its literature reveals the cultivated status of the onion. Holy Writ itself tells us that the children of Israel in their sorrowful wanderings through the desert remembered the "fish we did eat freely, the cucumber and the melons and the leeks and the onions and the garlic" and longed for them again. To this day the onion of Egypt is still known by the name by which Israel called it—"battel". The oldest Chinese records show that the onion was a cultivated plant, and botanists have traced it back to the table lands of the Hindu-Kush mountains, the very cradle of the human race.

In the cultivation of the onion for generations it has been the custom to grow them directly from the seed; but in recent years a new order of onion culture has sprung up. By this method the seeds are started in hot houses or cold frames, and when they have reached a sufficient growth they are transplanted into the open beds. To transplant a few hundred bulbs is not a formidable task, but when one goes to set 120,000 bulbs on an acre he has a job on hand. It exceeds all the remainder of the labor of onion growing and selling put together. A good boy can set out 3,000 plants a day, while a thimble-fingered person accustomed to garden work will easily set out 5,000. It requires about twenty-five days' work to set out an acre in onions by the transplanting method.

The experiment stations of the various states have demonstrated the advantage of

returning to the practice of the "good things" his forefathers for four generations before him died out.

"Did Johnny's twin sister inherit the same evil tendencies?" inquired the preacher.

"Please do not require me to answer that question," replied the old doctor, and as he rose from his seat I noticed that he brushed away a tear.

When we returned to the hotel we found a number of our fellow tourists playing bridge. Among them a most vivacious and lovely woman, who for several days had been the life of our party. She was so intensely interested in the game that she paid no attention to the pleadings of her little flaxen haired boy, who wanted to be taken to his room. I shall never forget the pitting look of the old doctor as he laid his wrinkled hand on the woman's shoulder, looked into her eyes as though he was reading her very soul, and said:

"Dear madam, take an old doctor's advice and do not become infatuated with bridge."

And I know the reason why.

(Copyright, 1910, N. Y. Herald Co.)

MEAN

He ought to make a good match. He's rolling in money. Yes, but that's all he does with it—roll in it.

Temporary Loan

The race track man is full of guile. Of course he is. He lets you hold some for awhile. But he always takes it back.

## The Onlooker

Earth tremors felt in Atlantic City. Sea serpent troubling in bellies, probably.

Notice report from Alaska, that men won't work, preferring to go to Iditarod and hunt for gold. Won't work, eh? Whimper, didn't ever hunt for gold?

Colonel Roosevelt has defined the desirable citizen. There appears to be only two of him, one being Jacob Hill.

Constituents are complaining that the government free seeds are very poor this year. Probably connects in some way with the high cost of things.

Scientist has discovered rubber in the cactus. Accounts for the resilience a few horns of plique will put into a human.

Mr. Johnson says he intends to ask Mr. Jeffries some very pointed questions when they meet in the ring. Might as well cut that out. Conversation don't show in the moving pictures.

Eminent Daughters of the American Revolution says the equal suffragists are only a lot of frumps. That settles it. Nobody of the sterner sex had the nerve to use that word. Ruff, it has been said, and no organization of women can survive being called a lot of frumps. To your tents or your celly, oh, suffragettes!

Cleveland divorce suit reveals that while a man and wife dwell in the same house they ignored each other. Huh. Begin chronicling those little things and the size of the paper will have to be increased.

High hook among the census enumerators, with records of 44 persons in one day, is a young and pretty girl. Sure thing. Whoever resisted the winsome smile and plaudite request, "Oh, won't you please write something in my autograph album?"

Temporary Loan

The race track man is full of guile. Of course he is. He lets you hold some for awhile. But he always takes it back.

Temporary Loan

The race track man is full of guile. Of course he is. He lets you hold some for awhile. But he always takes it back.

Temporary Loan

The race track man is full of guile. Of course he is. He lets you hold some for awhile. But he always takes it back.

Temporary Loan

The race track man is full of guile. Of course he is. He lets you hold some for awhile. But he always takes it back.

Temporary Loan

The race track man is full of guile. Of course he is. He lets you hold some for awhile. But he always takes it back.

Temporary Loan

The race track man is full of guile. Of course he is. He lets you hold some for awhile. But he always takes it back.